

Take a Trip on the Canal / We're Going to Pump Out Lake Erie

Take a Trip on the Canal

AFS 3403 B1

You may talk of your pleasure trips on the Great Lakes, But a trip on these canal boats, you bet, takes the cake. Beefsteak is tough as a fighting dog's mate, And the flies they play tag with the cook on the deck.

The potatoes she'll burn, let the coffee boil o'er, The fume nearly choke you so greasy the floor. The cook grooms a limit, you must eat or die, And when it's all over, you laugh till you cry.

So haul in the towline and take up the slack, Take a reef in your shirttail and straighten your back. Whatever you do be sure don't forget, Captain muse gently while the cook is on deck.

She knew just what deadeyes to put the line on, Could fit locks and [drive, sing?] the steersman must song. Could steer while he ate and was oft at the stick, Was there with the goods if you wanted things quick.

She could wet scrub the decks yes, and run off a plank, Would jump with a pole from the boat to the bank. 'Twas a life gay and easy whatever may come, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

We had a few mascots a source of delight, At the locks where our chickens with others would fight. The pigs they would squeal, rabbits up quick and get, The pigeons would coo, show their colors and grit.

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All along we were welcome, as showers and spring, And at night we had music would play, yodel, sing. My mind wanders back to the ditch when 'twas young, No place in the world has such oceans of fun.

Our mules they were peppy you should see them prance, They hard water step they could gracefully dance. They knewed there stuff oh, I'd say they were trained, The voice of the drivers to them a refrain.

Our leader was wise for he knew many things, He kept up the line while the cook she would sing. So all work together whatever may come, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

The cook she's a daisy she's dead gone on me, She's fiery red headed is sweet forty-three. The captain, the bosun, the driver, yes all, Just one look at her and they backward would fall.

Her mind it is gone for she gave it away, And how many pieces she gave me each day. She's blind eyed and saddened, she's a dumpling, a pet, We used her for a headlight at night on the deck.

We were up rough and ready would meet anything, If it work, fun, and play we would dance, yodel, sing. No doubt we were clannish but that's not our fault, The town jakes got funny we did call a halt.

We met opposition aboard and at home, The canallers were famous for holding their own. We lived our own life was a gay easy one, Take a trip on the canal if you want to have fun.

So haul in the towline and take up the slack, Take a reef in your shirttail and straighten your back. Whatever you do be sure, don't forget, Tap the news gently while the cook is on deck.

We're Going to Pump Out Lake Erie

AFS 3403 B2

The season is dry old-timers, Yes, and water won't run uphill. So let's do our best and forget the rest, And keep our levels filled.

So, we're going to pump out Lake Erie, We're going to begin next June. And when you get done we can tell by the sun, They'll be whiskers on the moon.

For the canal needs the waters to keep us all afloat, And I never will put wheels on my grand old boat. For I love the old towpath and all the things that float, So you cannot make a wagon of my old canal boat.

The portage lakes often fail us, Our ??? get low. Or then for rain we'd have to wait, For loaded we cannot go.

We will watch our gates and paddles, Yes, the tumbles and waves [swift?] too. They will help us along, with their merry song, And will see that we get through.

So, we're going to pump out Lake Erie, We're going to begin next June. And when we get done you can tell by the sun, They'll be whiskers on the moon.